

Probate Office

Jacksonville

Probate Court File

Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XLII.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1881.

WHOLE NO. 2325.

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THEY FALL AWAY.

When lightning strikes a stalwart tree,
And every bough sorely strains,
The vines that fastened riotously
Upon the sap within its veins
Their nature's law at once obey,
And fall away.

The politician, meaner yet,
Thrives on his leader's fall or hurt,
Before the storm his lines are set,
And he prepares for cutting dirt,
He seeks to make desertion pay,
And falls away.

None are too low, and none too high,
To stain and leave their falling friends.
Their boasted truth is made a lie,
Their pliant honor gladly bends;
They hasten to improve the day,
And fall away.

As nothing to the sordid soul
Are weary years of arduous toil;
His petty gain he sets contempt;
His eager nostrils scent the bait;
In sunshine he must make his hay;
He falls away.

THE MILLER'S GRAND-DAUGHTER.

The summer afternoon waned at last;
The flaming sun declined toward the horizon,
and a cool soft breeze, inexpressibly delightful after the heat of the day, began to blow.

Since early dawn Lizzie Dupont had been toiling at her needle, but now she threw down her work, and leaving the old mill, stood on the rude plank that crossed the millrace and looked eagerly over the fields.

"Oh! where can Dossy be?" she cried. "That dreadful interest, which must be got ready by Saturday, has made me forget her. I ought not to have listened to grandpa. I am sure something has happened to her." She never was away so long before. "What, what?" she cried, suddenly clasping her hands, "if she should be drowned?"

Lizzie Dupont had not always been a resident at the old mill, dependent on her needle for support. She had once been, and that not so long ago, the petted daughter of a merchant prince in New York. But her father had failed, and died soon after of a broken heart; and Lizzie would have starved, if it had not been for her maternal grandfather.

"Come to me," he had written. "I am old and poor, but we will share our crusts together; if you have grown up to look like your dear mother, you will be the apple of my eye." So Lizzie, ignored by her father's rich relations, had found refuge in this secluded spot.

Refuge and peace, but hardly happiness. In the days of her prosperity she had become acquainted with a young Englishman, the son of a titled family, and had plighted her troth to him. Just before her father's failure, Ross Devereaux had sailed for England, intending within six months to return and claim his bride. But from that day to this Lizzie had never heard a word about him.

At first she thought her letters had been miscarried, and in the faith and trust of her young heart had continued writing. But, at last, and after discovering the heartlessness of her father's relatives, she began to believe that even Ross now, might be selfish also. "I am poor and he deserts me," she said. "God help me! But it is, I suppose, the way of the world."

Lately a new trouble had come upon her. Her grandfather had been failing all winter, so that a man had to be hired to work the mill, and this had brought them into debt. Already there was a mortgage on the mill, for the grandfather had never been a prosperous man, and now the interest had fallen in arrears for nearly a twelvemonth. The holder of the mortgage was a cruel, avaricious man. He had often threatened to turn out the little family if his interest was not paid, and two weeks before he had served a written notice, that, if the arrears were not forthcoming by the next Saturday, he would be as good as his word. Every day since Lizzie has risen by candle light and worked till bedtime. "If I can only get this embroidery done for Mrs. Watson," she said, "by that dreadful day, I may raise part of the money at least, and perhaps then he will wait for the rest."

But, this afternoon, a new and greater trouble had come. Dossy, her little pet sister, had been missing all day. The child often spent the mornings playing in the woods, but invariably returned to the noontide meal. On this occasion, however, she did not make her appearance. Lizzie was alarmed, and had gone to seek her; but only the grandfather took it more coolly. "She has stopped at some of the neighbors," he said; "she will be home for supper; don't fret, dear." Lizzie, thinking of the coming Saturday, had allowed herself to be persuaded that all was right, and had gone back to her work. But, as the afternoon wore on, and no Dossy came, she grew seriously alarmed. At last, throwing down her needle, she came out, as we have seen.

"Oh, Dossy, Dossy!" she cried, when she had scrutinized the landscape in every direction, "where are you?" if God will only spare you, dear—if he will give you back to us alive—I will never repine again at anything."

But where was Dossy? Was she really lost?

To explain this, we must go back to the afternoon before and look at Dossy, as she sat in the old-fashioned garden, swaying to and fro in a grape-vine

swing, puzzling over the troubles of the family. She was watching a bob-o-link that sung in the heart of a lilac bush, and talking to herself the while.

"What a nasty, ugly old man that landlord is," she said; "and he made poor Lizzie cry so the other day when he was here. He says he'll drive us from our home. Why, then, with sudden consciousness, 'we will have no place to live in, and I shall never hear you sing, birdie; nor have my flowers, nor my kittens. Oh, me! Oh, me!'"

She sobbed a little, then shook off her April tears, and then fell to thinking in earnest. If they only had some money. What if she could get some? She picked her brow into a frown. Just then some market carts rolled by, laden with produce, on their way to the neighboring little town. On the front seat of one sat an old woman, with a basket of flowers on her knees. A sudden thought flashed on Dossy, and she picked up the little flower. Why couldn't she sell flowers? Her garden was full of them, especially of pansies, such pansies as were not often seen.

She jumped from the swing so quickly that she landed headforemost in the grasses below. But, nothing daunted, she regained her feet, and began picking off the golden-hearted pansies and English daisies by hundreds. She would do it; yes, indeed, she would, and make ever so much money; and they wouldn't have to leave the mill, and grandpa and Lizzie wouldn't cry any more. She fell to work, arranging her bouquets for the morrow, her eyes fairly dancing with delight. She put them together quite tastefully, and by the time the summer moon stood over the pine, she had a long row set up, amid the evergreens, that the dews might keep them fresh.

In the morning, as soon as breakfast was over she would set off.

Dear, innocent Dossy! she had not the least doubt that she would succeed, and she slept but little that night in her excitement. Over and over she rose from her little bed, and stole on tip-toe to the window to look down on her treasures.

The morrow dawned cloudlessly. Breakfast over, Dossy ran down to the garden, crammed her posies into Lizzie's market-basket, and taking it on her chubby arm, trudged away, fortunately unnoticed. On she sped, passed the long, low lines of fences, and down into the very heart of the town. Her cheeks were crimson, her breath came in gasps, she almost stumbled from fatigue; but at last she reached the market-place and stopped in a little corner, where the shadows fell cool, and where an old blind woman was selling lace.

Here, feeling a sense of safety and companionship, from the presence of the old blind creature, she sat down and began with deft hands to arrange her posies in front of her. What a picture she made, in her white frock, with its short, puffed sleeves, her eyes ablaze, her amber ringlets, blown about by the morning breeze, framed, as it were, by a border of yellow daisies and golden-hearted pansies. At the silvery call of her sweet bird voice, piping, "Who will buy my pansies?" one and another pedestrian looked back, a few smiled, and some stopped and purchased.

Presently a farmer, who had just such a little one at home, brought one of her nosebags, and paid for it with half a dollar. Dossy was in raptures. Then another gentleman came along, this time a comparatively young one, but tall and dark, and with a bronzed face.

"Won't you buy a bunch of pansies, sir, please?" said little Dossy.

The stranger who had not noticed her before, stopped and looked for a little piping voice.

"Please sir," said Dossy, holding up a posy, "only twenty-five cents."

The young man flashed a keen glance at Dossy, and drew near, smiling.

"To be sure I will," he said, pleasantly, "if only for the sake of your bright eyes. Twenty-five cents, you said, I think," and he drew out his purse.

"Yes," said Dossy, apologetically, "imagining he thought the price too high. 'You see I have to ask a good deal,' and she shook her curly head with a grave, important air, "for Lizzie must have the money by Saturday, or we shall be turned out of our pretty home." As she finished she tendered to her auditor the prettiest of her posies, which she had just selected for him out of her store.

The stranger, all this time, had been looking curiously at her. The color went and came on his face, his lips trembled, and he showed other signs of emotion.

"Tell me," he cried, earnestly, "my dear, what is your name?"

He drew close to Dossy as he spoke, and seemed to be looking in her face, as if of some half-remembered, or half-fancied likeness.

"Dossy," she answered, "Dossy Dupont."

His answer was to catch her in his arms, and kiss her again and again, his voice trembling with excitement, as he cried, "Dossy! My little pet Dossy, don't you remember who I am?"

But Dossy struggled from his embrace, smoothed her curls, and answered haughtily:

"I asked you to buy my pansies, sir, and not to kiss me."

The stranger broke into a joyous laugh. "And I will buy them," he replied, "every one of them. But don't you really know me, Dossy? I am Ross Devereaux. Why, you have sat on my knee many and many a time."

Dossy at this, stared at him curiously. Then she uttered a gleeful little shout and sprang into his arms.

"Oh! I know," she cried, "I remember you. Won't Lizzie be glad? Won't she stop crying now?"

Ross Devereaux's swart cheek crimsoned. "Take me to your home," he said, "to your sister. Is she here?"

"No," answered Dossy, "we live at grandpa's at the old mill, out of town, you know."

Let us go at once, then. No need to sell pansies any longer," cried Ross Devereaux, eagerly, setting the child on her feet.

Lizzie Dupont stood, as we have said, gazing across the meadows, heart broken about Dossy's prolonged absence. Suddenly two figures appeared, emerging from the woods beyond, in the direction of the town. She gave a great cry of joy, for one was certainly Dossy. But who was the other? "What is the tall, handsome man, who held Dossy by the hand? Could it be—no, it was impossible—and yet—"

At this moment, while she was still uncertain, while her heart leaped into her throat and then stopped beating; while she felt dizzy and about to faint, and had to clutch at the railing, Dossy's companion, dropping the child's hand, darted forward, for he had recognized Lizzie, and came hurrying over the meadow, waving his hat. He reached the stile, was over it in a bound, and the next instant was at Lizzie's side.

"Thank God, I have found you at last!" he cried, clasping her sinking form. "Poor, timid darling! Did you think I had deserted you?"

"What Lizzie would have replied if anything, we do not know; but he gave her no chance; hurriedly, as if life and death depended on it, he went on to tell his story.

Not one of your letters ever came to hand," he said. "They were intercepted, as I discovered at last. I wouldn't mention under other circumstances; but you, at least, ought to know the whole truth. The fact is, darling, that while my parents were eager to welcome you as a daughter, I had a cousin, an ambitious girl, who had always lived with us; and who, it seems, wished to marry me, not, of course, he said quickly, "that she loved me, but merely to secure the title and position. Well, to make a long story short, she bribed the postmistress at the village to give her your letters, so that I never heard a word from you, or about you, till, at last, in despair, I came over, before I intended, to solve the mystery."

"Come over?" said Lizzie, faintly and guiltily, conscious how she had misjudged him.

"To be sure," repeated Ross Devereaux frankly. "Ah! little skeptic, you doubted me, did you?"

"Indeed, indeed—," began Lizzie. But he stopped her with a kiss.

"Then it was," he went on, "that I heard, for the first time, of your father's death. But no one could give me any information of your whereabouts. I did not know your relations in New York, but I found out their names; but it was some time, and one was at Newport and another at Saratoga, and a third at Virginia Springs. Before I could do anything came the news of my father's sudden death, and a summons home, for I am your kinsman, his heir as to both the title and estates. When I had been at Devereaux Hall for a week or so, the postmistress came up, trembling and penitent, for I was now Sir Ross, and she had discovered by this time that my cousin was not to be Lady Devereaux. Then the vile plot was revealed. Darling, ever since I have been wild to discover you. I hurried up my business and left England at once. But for a long time I was foolish. Your city cousins, on whom I had relied, could not tell me where you had gone. All they knew, and they told it with evident confusion, was that your mother's father had sent for you, and that he lived in this State, and they thought in this part of it. So I have visited every square mile of this and four other counties, and only lighted on Dossy by accident to-day. I didn't even know your grandfather's name."

There was much more to tell, details with which we will not tire the readers, eager questions and as eager replies. Lizzie could hardly credit her happiness. Dossy danced around, shouting in glee.

If you ever visit England, and should ever go to the neighborhood of Devereaux Hall, you will hear everybody talking of the beautiful Lady Devereaux, whom Sir Ross brought home from America. Should you see her you will recognize, as we did, in the gracious matron the Miller's Granddaughter.

To remove proud flesh.—Pulverize loaf sugar very fine and apply to the part afflicted. This is a new and easy remedy, and is said to remove it without pain, or burn skin pulverized and applied is an old reliable remedy.

The Cleverest Duke in England.

Edward Adolphus St. Maur is twelfth Duke of Somerset and second temporal peer of the realm, after the Prince of the blood. The dukedom, created in 1547, was first bestowed "as every school-boy knows," on the renowned Protector, who murdered his brother, and first made England thoroughly Protestant. He loved to write himself "Edward, by the grace of God, Duke of Somerset," and so forth, to the great scandal of contemporaries, who held that Kings alone derived their titles from so high a source. Excessive pride is a family failing of the Seymours. In the case of Charles, styled by preeminence the proud Duke, who flourished from 1662 to 1748, this defect of character almost amounted to monomania. His second wife, an Earl's daughter, once ventured to tap him with her fan, when he coldly observed, "Madam, my first wife was a Percy, and she never presumed to take such a liberty." The lady rebuked was a Finch. The Duke's kinsman, Sir Edward Seymour, Speaker of the House of Commons in Charles II.'s reign, was, it is possible, vain. "I think, Sir Edward," said William III., wishing to be civil to him, "that you are of the Duke of Somerset's family?"

"Pardon me, sir," replied Sir Edward, who never forgot that he was himself the true head of the Seymours, "the Duke of Somerset is of my family."

The present Duke is almost, if not altogether, exempt from the hereditary taint. He was not, however, quite strong-minded enough to refuse the Garter, as in his own interest he should have done, being painfully commonplace in appearance. He looks like an Islington grocer in his Sunday best, and to see him girt with his riband you would fancy that he was also a light among the Foresters or Odd Fellows, or a leader of the Band of Hope about to take part in a procession, and painfully conscious that his trappings sat awkwardly on him. His Grace is, on the whole, the cleverest of the Dukes, that is, of British Dukes. Only two—Argyll and Devonshire—can at all be compared to him in intellect, and in spite of their varied accomplishments it may be doubted whether either of those Peers has shown the same grasp of difficult problems in religion and politics as their brother of Somerset. We have spoken of the Duke as comparatively poor. Needless to say, the lord of 25,000 acres and a rental of £28,000 a year would be considered more than rich in any country but England or the United States. But a poor Duke can always marry his daughters well. Sir John Ruskin, one of his Grace's sons-in-law, owns nearly the whole town of Huddersfield. Shall we say its 70,000 inhabitants into the bargain? The Domesday estimate of his income at £180,000 a year is thought to be very much under the mark. The Duke's elder daughter married another baronet, the Graham of Netherby, who has only a beggarly £27,000 a year. Still one can manage to live on that.

Science for Foolpats.

Foreign journals give an account of a rather disagreeable invention which has just been brought to perfection by a chemist in the Austrian capital. It is a powerful and instantaneous soporific, easy of application, by which a man can be helplessly stupefied in a few seconds, and rendered utterly defenseless. The inventor has at the same time provided an antidote, by the application of which the stupefied person can be immediately restored to his senses. A number of experiments were tried with the two preparations in the office of the *Tagblatt*, and the results are given at length. The inventor made no secret of the character and composition of his "Bandager," as he calls it. The first idea of it was first suggested to him upon being attacked by a dog during his evening walks in the neighborhood of the Hundsturm Cemetery. After preparing his "Bandager" he went out and attracted the angry attentions of the dog as usual; but upon his shaking a few drops of his mixture upon the head of the dog rubbed his muzzle upon the earth with every sign of anxious terror, dropped his tail and then rushed off as hard as he could run. The rudimentary preparation which was used for this experiment has since been developed to greater perfection, and its results were so terribly successful that the chemist determined to couple with it a corrective antidote before making any communication about it. The "Bandager," as now completed, takes nearly a minute in operation. The inventor went straight to the head of the police with his discovery, and suggested that it might be useful to supply each policeman with a small phial of it, as it would materially assist him when dealing with a powerful and obstreperous criminal. The official replied, after witnessing an experiment, that he dared not arm the whole watch with so fearful an instrument. Woe to Vienna, and perhaps many other cities, when the secret is betrayed, and the multitudinous guild of rogues come into possession of this novel weapon which science has prepared for the service of their craft.

Clover that sends its roots deep into the earth is considered the best sub-soiling agent to be had.

Aesthetics on the Billows.

They were an utter—too utter—crowd, and right back of them sat a big, flat-footed chap on his way to the lumber camps.

"I think this lake breeze quite too exhilarating for anything," observed a young man who ate dinner with a pair of green kids on.

"I've got something that beats it all hollow," chirped in the big man. "They filled the bottle right up for a quarter. I don't want to back again the saloon on board, but if you say you've got cramps you shall have a pull at it."

If green kids had 'em he wouldn't own it, and to cover his embarrassment another of the party with eye-glasses and a white necktie remarked:

"Roll on, thou troubled waters, roll." "Oh, you'll get roll enough before you get across Saginaw Bay," replied the big man. "Time this breeze has been blowing an hour you'll feel like an old dish-rag hung up to sear the crows away."

White necktie gave him a killing stare, but it glanced off, and one of the ladies said:

"He struggled bravely with the storm-lashed sea."

"Who was that, ma'am? P'raps you mean my old par. Yes, he struggled bravely, and if this old lake wasn't just a-billin' then I don't want a cent. Jim was a good swimmer, but he had to cave at last."

The whole group gave him a looking over, but he was shrewd-proof, and turning to Green Kids he asked:

"Think you could save yourself if this boat went down?"

No answer.

"Yer possibly might," continued the man. "I went down off that pint above us about ten years ago and got through all right, but it was a powerful tight squeak. If I'd had one o' them shirts as button behind I'd bin a goner. What's the style o' yours, my son?"

They rose up as one, locked arms and passed into the cabin, and the big man looked after them and whistled:

"Maybe they hadn't used to traveling first-class and being polite to strangers! But I'll forgive 'em. Land! but won't the starch begin to peel off as soon as we slide around the pint and get to feel the sea! Yum! yum! But it will be too enthusiastically billowy for anything!"

Didn't Win the Bet.

The following story was told by Gus Williams, the well-known German comedian during his recent visit here. Two friends were discussing the merits of their acquaintances. Said one of the gentlemen: "Talk about mean men; now there's old Strassberger. He's the hardest, driest, meanest old Slylock that ever lived. That man! why?"

And there he stopped as if words couldn't do justice to the subject.

"You're mistaken," said his friend. "He's not so bad; even the devil isn't so black as he is painted. Now I'll bet you ten dollars I can borrow fifty dollars of him before night."

"Done!" and the money was put up. On posted the sanguine look-alike to his intended victim.

"Strassberger, my boy, how are you?" and he slapped him on the back of a faded ready-made coat with a capital assumption of good fellowship.

"Well, I was all right. You'd do madder mit you?"

"Look here, old fellow, I made a little bet about you just now; ha, ha! It's a capital joke."

"Um!" said Strassberger. "Well?"

"Yes, I just bet ten dollars with Smitty that I could borrow fifty dollars of you to-day."

"Fifty dollars?"

"Yes, that was the amount."

"And you bet ten?"

"That's what I put up."

"Well, now look here my friend" in a low whisper, "you go straight away and 'hedge.'"

A Fishing Wheel.

A new device has been patented, and is now in operation taking salmon on the Columbia River. This device or machine is known as "Williams' Patent Fishing Wheel," and is so located on the Oregon side of the Columbia river, about a mile and a half below the cascades. The device consists of a jety of rocks built out from a point on the shore of the river, outside of which is a plank-lid sluiceway, in which an undershot wheel, with large tank buckets revolves. The sluiceway was built when the river was at its lowest stage of water, and the wheel is hung so that it can be raised or lowered as may be desired, according to the stage of water.

The instinct of the salmon is to run up the river alongside of the banks instead of mid-channel. By this the fish can take advantage of the eddies below jutting points of land. On these projecting points the Indians have from time immemorial taken salmon in large numbers by using dip nets. The jety built out from the point above named makes a larger and longer slack-water behind it, and the salmon rounding the point rush into the sluiceway to get up the river. In the sluiceway the wheel which revolves in the current is gauged so as to sweep within a foot of the bottom, and the salmon are scooped up in

the tanks or buckets; which latter let out the water as they ascend. On the wheel descending the fish are thrown out into the trough or gutter leading to a pen below, where they remain until taken away to be canned.

The catch of adult salmon, which are the only canned, runs from 1,500 to 4,000 per day. There is virtually no expense in taking the fish, save attending to the pen.

The wheel scoops up all sizes of salmon from one pound weight upward. All fish below six pound weight are not used in canning, but are thrown back into the river dead and float away. It is stated that at one emptying out of the pens several hundred of the young salmon were thrown away as above stated; and as this occurs three times daily many thousands of immature fish are destroyed weekly, which would in succeeding seasons grow to size fit for canning. In fact, it is simply a question of a few years, say five with this fishing-wheel generally in use, when salmon-canning on the Columbia River, which averages from \$2,500,000 to \$3,000,000 annually, will have to cease for want of adult fish to can.

A Flint Flake.

Walking one morning last winter on the parade at Hastings, England, I happened to notice a curiously shaped flint among the shingles just thrown up by the storm. The waves had benten right over the seawall, and scattered wreck and pebbles along the whole roadway. I stooped down and picked up the odd-looking fragment; to my surprise I found it was a paleolithic implement, a rudely chipped flint knife of the older stone age, the relic of a race compared with whom even the builders of Wansdyke here were men of yesterday. This rude flake was fashioned by the naked black fellows who hunted the rhinoceros and the mammoth in the English valleys before over the great age itself had spread its glaciers over the length and breadth of the land a couple of hundred thousand years since. Its outer surface was dulled and whitened by age, as is always the case with these primeval flint weapons; but its edge is still

Anniston,

ALABAMA.

WOODSTOCK IRON COMPANY.

We have made preparations for a heavy Fall and Winter trade, and offer among many inducements the following to Farmers and Interior Merchants of this entire section. A close approximation to Rome and Selma prices for Cotton—in fact so close that we often just “match” them in spot cash, thus affording the poor farmer a home market

EQUAL TO ROME OR SELMA!

NO CHARGE FOR WEIGHING AND NO DEDUCTION FOR LIGHT BALES!

A new commodious and convenient *WAGON YARD*, with large comfortable rooms with fire-places and a number of stalls for Stock, *ALL FREE OF CHARGE!* A stock of Goods larger than is kept in the combined stores of any town in the country, that for freshness, variety and cheapness has never been reached in this section. Plenty of

Corn, Flour, Meal, Meat, Molasses, Coffee, Sugar, Bagging, Ties

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, BOOTS AND SHOES!

In fact any and everything that a farmer needs. We defy competition in quality and prices. When our rivals in the small villages near you tell you it won't pay to come here don't believe them. Don't listen to them, but try the Anniston market once, and you will need no persuasion to try it again. We never tell you we will give you so much for your Cotton if you will agree to trade so much, and then try and make up the loss on Cotton by putting an additional profit on Goods, but we pay you the

SPOT CASH!

and then if you wish to buy anything sell it to you for the same price we would if you had sold us no Cotton. We consume the cotton *RIGHT HERE* in our Cotton Mill. How can you expect merchants in the adjoining villages to compete with us in prices, where they have to ship it to Rome or Selma and pay freights and commissions? Come and see us, for you will be treated well in every way at Anniston.

T. H. Hopkins,

Storekeeper Woodstock Iron Company's Store

PROPOSALS

Received by the Mayor and
of the town of Anniston,
number 1st, for planting out
trees, Park and Cemetery

2000
OAK SHADE TREES.

It is more to be seen than

12 for \$1.75, 99¢

Probate Office.
Jacksonville Republican.
"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XLII.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1881.

WHOLE NO. 2326.

THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

F. & L. W. GRANT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year in advance \$2.00

Three months in advance \$1.00

Single copies 10 cents

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One square 10 lines or less, first insertion 10 cents

Second insertion 5 cents

Third insertion 3 cents

Longer advertisements by special arrangement

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CANDIDATES:

County Offices \$5.00

State Offices \$10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged as advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One square 10 lines or less, first insertion 10 cents

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BRINGING HOME THE COWS.

Three sunset lights the muffled pasture shows
Rocking hardhacks through the rugged
hedge.

A steep ravine with knots of mountain rose,
And birch and hemlock at the stony edge:
The decoy gleaming rounds with light
The green of hill and hollow,
And up the path, across the height,
The ringing voices follow:

Beside the barn, all rosy-cheeked and tanned,
Is Annie, with her dark-hair knotted face.
Her hat and garland swinging from her hand,
Her gown blown back in loose simplicity;
Her black, rebellious eyes are set
Beyond the dewy hollow,
Where slowly up the pasture yet
The straying cattle follow!

Between the beeches down the pebbled way,
With careless singing, Martin follows back
Bare footed through the gilded pageantry
Of sun and shadow gleaming on his track:
He lifts his eyes along the swale
And up the grassy hollow,
And thus, against the lichened rail,
Is Annie, faint to follow!

They walk together through the shady lane,
Where 'mid the places several thickness broods,
The jangling bells across the windy plain
Strike thro' the mystic silence of the woods.
The dewy gleaming rounds with light
The green of hill and hollow,
While up the path, across the height,
The ringing voices follow.

MARGARET'S MONEY.

"She has five thousand pounds," said
the old man, "and she's a good girl.
She'll be a catch for somebody."

Then I thought he looked at me.
"Why should he look at me?" I
thought. "I'm not a husband worth
angling for, as he knows very well, this
man who pays me my small salary every
week with his own hands."

Still he did look at me, and I answered
with a word or two; I forgot what
now.

"Yes," he said—talking with a mean-
ing, too, looking at me evidently to see
how I took the news—"yes; and what
do you suppose she does with it? Has
it locked up in my fire-proof vault;
don't use it in any way; don't get in-
terest on it; locks it up as she does her
rings and pins, and lets it lie never
touched."

"I wonder you don't give her better
advice," I said.

"Give a woman advice!" he said.
"Try it. However, I approve of this.
Better keep her dowry locked up safe
than risk and lose it. My fire-proof
safe and fire-proof vault will hold her
money—the money her husband is to
have the day he marries her—fast and
safe."

Then the old man trotted away to his
own desk, and looked over it at me.

"I'm her guardian," he said. "Her
father and I had quarreled, you know.
But when he died he left her and her
money in my care. A nice thing for an
old bachelor to have, a young niece quar-
tered on him for life! I'll marry her off
as soon as I can. I say, Fisher, come
up and take tea with me to-night."

He did mean it! He offered his niece
and her five thousand pounds to me!
He had never liked me either.

"Shall I go?" I asked myself. "Why
not? I might as well see the heiress. I
was not a man to be bought by money,
if she were a coarse vulgar creature,
like her uncle; but otherwise, why not
see what she was made of? At least it
could do no harm to take tea with old
Simon Giddings."

I went home with him that evening.
I noticed some little changes in the pa-
lor, as though a lady's hands had been
busy there, and in a moment more I
saw, sitting in the shadow of the cur-
tains, a girl dressed in deep mourning.

"Margaret, Mr. Fisher; my niece, Miss
Giddings, Tom," said the old man; and
as I bowed, I saw a little velvet-headed
crutch leaning against the girl's chair.

She was lame, then. Old Giddings
thought this was an obstacle to her mak-
ing a good match. So he offered her to
Tom Fisher.

"It won't do, old man," I thought.
"I shouldn't mind a plain face so much,
but a lame wife will never do for me."

Then something whispered faintly in
my ear: "Five thousand pounds!"

For the rest Miss Giddings was fair
and sweet looking and pleasant in her
manner. She was a lady too, which
seemed odd for old Simon's niece, for he
was as vulgar as he was rich; and she
sang for us after tea very sweetly.

I liked a girl with dash and color, but
still her blue eyes and sweet smile
haunted me a little after I went home.
"Shall I never quarrel with one," I
thought; "and a woman worth five
thousand pounds would be a catch,
certainly; but that crutch! I'll stay
away from old Simon's house for the
future."

But he would not let me stay away;
he kept on urging me to go home with
him.

There was Marion More. Perhaps
she liked me a little. I admired her in-
tensely; but she had no money, and I
should take her away from her snug
home to some poor sort of place if I
married her. I should find it hard work
to feed and clothe her decently.

This fair, sweet Margaret was rich,
and as time passed on I began to see her
lying for me. And I sat in the office
my first visit, wondering whether I
could be quite sure that I should be
good enough to the little thing I meant
to marry for her money to keep her
from knowing that there was no actual
for her in my heart.

Simon reached my ears: "Tom Fisher,
up in the moon again, eh? Well, well,
when a fellow is in love we excuse laz-
iness in him. There's my niece Margaret
pouring the tea in the slop-basin and
overturning the milk at breakfast;
'Maggie,' says I, 'you're a thinking of
some one, ain't ye?' She blushed to her
ears. You've managed to get into good
graces in that quarter, Tom!"

"Do you think so?" I said.

"I know so," said the old man. "I
oughtn't to say so, you know, but I'm
frank."

I listened to him, then two voices
whispered to me:
"You don't love her," said one. "You
don't hate her," said the other. "You
don't want a lame wife," said the first.
"You do want five thousand pounds,"
said the other. "It would make a man
of you. You could go into business on
your own account. You'd cease to be a
slave in this dingy office."

"Five thousand pounds!" I said to
myself. Then I started to my feet.

"Mr. Giddings," I said, "would you
be willing to give your niece to me as
my wife?"

His answer was frank.

"Tom Fisher, I'd give her to any
decent young man. A girl bothers me;
I'm tired of the charge. Every one
doesn't want a lame wife. If you like her
take her, and on your wedding day I'll
hand the five thousand pounds to you,
and be rid of the charge. She'll say
'yes,' don't fear. I'll tell her that you
asked me to-night, and hurry on the
wedding."

I thought I heard the thump of a
crutch in the church aisle as he spoke.
I thought of the graceful step of Marion
More. I turned faint and sat down to
my desk; but went to old Simon's house
that night, and saw Margaret. She
looked as far and happy as a child. I
sat down by her and took her hand.

"Are you going to say 'No,' Maggie?"
I said, and she lifted her innocent lips
to mine, and kissed me. "I'll be very,
very good to her."

But there was no lover's warmth in
my heart: only a kind of gentle pity for
the girl who was to bring me five thou-
sand pounds.

We were engaged. Old Simon joked
us coarsely and seemed to jolt
over the affair. I might even have doubt-
ed of the existence of the five thousand
pounds, but that Maggie told me of
them herself.

"Uncle was keeping them for me to
live on when I was an old maid" she
said. "But you shall do what you
choose with the money when I belong
to you. We'll buy a pretty house, shan't
we, dear, first of all and live there all
our lives; somewhere where we can
have a garden?"

So, after that, I never doubted, but
clung to the idea as I could not if I had
loved the girl.

We were married in a fortnight. Uncle
Simon and his old housekeeper alone
were present. It had touched me a
good deal when Margaret had whisper-
ed that she had rather not have a wed-
ding-party.

"Fancy the bride limping up the
aisle upon a crutch!" she said. "Let
me be married with none to stare at me.
You love me, so I don't care about be-
ing lame any more, but I'd rather not
be stared at."

I took her in my arms and kissed her
then.

"I'll be good to her," I said, as the
clergyman uttered his prayer—"very,
very good," and I was saying it again
when I sat in old Simon's parlor, and he
coming in lit the gas, and stood twink-
ling his eyes at us maliciously.

"So its over," he said, with his flen-
dish chuckle. "She's yours; now for her
five thousand pounds. I'm going to
hand it over to-night. I shall sleep bet-
ter."

I blushed with shame. "Not yet," I
said; "don't talk of money yet!"

"No," said Simon. "But I will,
though, I've got it here." And he un-
locked a side board which stood in the
room, and brought out a small roll do-
wed up oddly enough in brown paper.

"There it is," said he—"there it is!
Look at it—count it. Five thousand
plump—count it."

He fairly grinned as he spoke. She
smiled.

I saw something in his laugh that
made me shudder. Without a word
more I walked to the table, opened the
parcel and spread out the notes. There
were five thousand pounds worth of
them, reading the value on their faces,
but they were the notes of the Diddleton
and Bilkem Bank, which had failed
years ago!

I had been deceived. The girl I had
married was penniless!

"Impostor!" I yelled. Old Simon
answered with a roar of laughter.

"Good joke," he said. "I've done
what I promised. You've got the five
thousand pounds; I didn't tell you what it
was in. Of course such money is of no use
to you, but I can't help that. Ha! ha!"
I think I should have given him a
blow, but just then I heard Margaret
scream. I looked at her. I saw, as I
had known before, that she had no hand
in the deception. I saw an awful look
in her eyes, a doubt of my love tremb-
ling on her lip. I saw her rise and
fall on her poor feet, and stretch her

hands towards me. I heard her cry,
"Thomas, I did not know; and then—
oh, thank God for it!—the love I had
never felt before rushed into my heart—
a great, all-conquering love."

I ran to her. I took her in my arms.
I gave her the first kiss of passionate
and new born love, and I said, "Mar-
garet, try to bear poverty with me, for
I love you better than my soul."

And all Margaret's money—the money
that had faded before me like fairy gold
—could never have given me half the
joy that the wealth of love, given to and
received from her, gave me upon our
bridal day—gave me in all the first
struggling years of our wedded life, and
will give me, God grant it, until the
end!

How's Stocks?

I see that a Frenchman has got a
patent for canned energy, observed
Mrs. Spoonpendyke, as she picked up a
lot of cut steel heads on a needle and
began sewing them on medallions for
dress trimming.

"Got a what?" interrogated Mr.
Spoonpendyke, who was blacking his
boots.

"Yes. He can put strength up in
bundles and send it anywhere, so they
can run ships and things without steam.
He sent over so much over to Scotland."

"What circus bill have you been read-
ing now?" queried Mr. Spoonpendyke,
glaring at his wife.

"It's so," she replied. "I saw it in the
Eagle. He does it up like preserves
and it lasts ever so long, and it's just as
fresh and strong when they open it as it
was at first."

"Who put it up? What are you talk-
ing about?"

"A Frenchman. He gets a lot of
strength and fixes it with electricity,
and you can put it anywhere. I'm going
to get some and take it. It'll be just as
good as going in the country, and may-
be it'll help my headaches. I suppose
the Government will buy a lot of it for
tramps."

"You've gone crazy again?" demanded
Mr. Spoonpendyke. "What'd you mean
by putting strength in boxes? Think
energy is some kind of dod gasted fish?"

"Spose you can put main strength up in
a bottle like a measly shrimp? If you're
going to read why don't you read
straight?"

"Why, I did. He has some kind of a
machine, and he makes energy so it will
last, and then he solders it up in tins,
or something, so you can keep it in the
house. I'm going to have some and do
the washing."

"Does it strengthen up the mind of
a dod gasted idiot?" blurted Mr.
Spoonpendyke. "Can it make a measly
Spoonpendyke woman talk sense?"

"The paper don't say; but if it is all
they claim for it, it will be a great help
in house cleaning and moving the step
ladder around when you want to hang
pictures. And then it saves boiling beef
tea. Oh, you ought to read about it."

"Do you mean to tell me that they're
selling muscle by the keg? Want me
to understand that some frog eater is
keeping industry on draught? Think
I'm an ass?"

"That's what the Eagle says," rejoined
Mrs. Spoonpendyke, with a woman's
implicit reliance on anything in print.

"And they can make it in any quantity
cheap, so we can have all we want. I
wish you'd get some right off, and I'll
try it on the Friday's sweeping."

"Quit!" howled Mr. Spoonpendyke,
"Stop making an idiot asylum of your-
self! Spose you can make me believe
that house cleaning comes in jugs?
Think I'm going to believe that a week's
wash comes in a box like measly pills?
Perhaps you want me to think that your
dod gasted stuff will pay the rent and
run my business? Next time you strike
a corn save you read it understandingly
you hear! Energy by the pint! Strength
by the yard! Got that rip saved up in
my pants?"

"Yes, dear," murmured Mrs. Spoon-
pendyke, meekly, and Mr. Spoonpendyke,
having arrayed himself, plunged out of
the house and made for the ferryboat.

"Hello, Spoonpendyke," said this thing
in the paper about the Frenchman who is
boxing up energy?

"Yes, certainly," replied Spoonpendyke,
"I've been all the morning trying to
explain it to my wife, but these women
can't understand such things. How's
stocks?"

Costly Building.

The following is the cost of some cele-
brated modern buildings in Europe, re-
duced to American dollars: The Paris
Grand Opera House, \$8,000,000; the
Paris Hotel de Ville, \$8,000,000; the
Paris Post Office, \$6,000,000; the Brn-
sels Palais de Beaux-Arts, \$6,000,000;
the London House of Parliament, \$17,
500,000; the London Foreign Office,
\$2,750,000; the London Law Courts, ex-
clusive of special fitting and not yet com-
pleted, \$4,500,000.

Pearl Hunting in Tennessee.

The search for pearls in the mussels of
Ohio has been a considerable industry for
years. The Nashville American reports
an outbreak of pearl hunting in Stones
River, Rutherford County, Tennessee.
Not less than 800 people were engaged
daily in raking the bottom of that stream,
delving down in the mud for mussels,
which are piled along the banks, opened,
and critically examined for the treasures
contained in many of them. One pearl is
reported for which \$80 was paid in New
York. The general range of value, how-
ever, is said to be from 50 cents to \$25.

Modern Dentistry.

Less than a generation ago a hand-burr
was used by dentists for excavating teeth.
This instrument, so poorly adapted to this
purpose, was clumsy and required patience
and strength on the part of operator and
subject. When the pneumatic engine was
invented with a rotating burr attachment
it was considered a great advance on this
crude method. It was a noisy instrument,
however, and was supplanted later by a
dental engine, the invention of a St. Louis
dentist, which, regarded as one of the
most valuable dental inventions of the age.
A flexible tube connects the burr with the
engine, which is worked with the foot.
The rotating burr can be applied to any
tooth with equal facility, and performs its
work of cleaning, of excavation, with rap-
idity and delicacy. The rubber dam is
an invention useful for keeping the teeth
dry during the process of filling. In the
dry of crystal gold it is very important that
no moisture reaches it in its crystallized
state, otherwise it will lose its cohesiveness.
Another invention is the electric mallet
for condensing gold foil in cavities. Rapid
blows are given to the cavities by means
of electricity. There is also an automatic
mallet for a similar purpose, by which the
gold foil is condensed by an automatic
blow instead of electricity. The strength
of the blow can easily be regulated in the
body of the instrument. An engine mallet
is also used by operators for condensing
gold foil. The "porcelain crown" is adapted
to restoring teeth broken down by de-
cay. The root is cut down and the porce-
lain crown is attached with a metallic
pivot. The advocates of the "tooth crown"
claim that the time will come when almost
no teeth at all will be drawn. They urge
that only once in 500,000 cases perhaps
it is necessary to remove them, and that
their diseased condition can usually be
cured and the teeth saved. When a tooth
is decayed to the gum its usefulness is re-
stored by this process by the slipping of a
gold cap over the root, and the attachment
of a porcelain crown.

The way the tooth crown is applied may
be illustrated by an operation which took
place not long ago. The tooth was a bro-
ken-down bicuspid on the left side of the
upper jaw. The external half of the tooth
was split off, and a portion of the inner
cusp was almost gone. In the operation,
which remained of the crown was cut off,
the nearly even with the gum, and a narrow
band or collar was fitted accurately around
the stump which passed under the gum
and out of sight. To this collar there was
attached by a timing and solder the porce-
lain plate, which was made by using a small
plate tooth. The inner cusp was restored
by making it a hollow shell of gold. The
face and shell were united when set in its
place. The shell was filed with oxychloride
paste and a screw passed through the
crown into the root. The collar surround-
ing the root and passed under the gum,
protecting the stump longer, it is claimed,
than by any other method. Previous to
the setting, a hollow screw is inserted into
the root, which in turn becomes a nut, and
receives the screw afterward passed
through the crown.

In the manufacture of teeth the use of
platinum with what is known as the contin-
uous gum has many advocates. Platinum
is the only metal that can withstand the heat
necessary to fuse the gum on the plate.

NOTICE NOTICE

Full print single announcements free of charge; but we cannot publish obituaries and notices of death for less than \$1.00 per line. The rule of all such notices is to be paid for in advance. The rule of all such notices is to be paid for in advance. The rule of all such notices is to be paid for in advance.

SPECIAL COLUMN.

Dyspepsia & Liver Complaint

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shilo's Vitalizer, every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use it accordingly and if it does you no good it will be your own fault. Sold by Borden & Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

NEW GOODS, NEW GOODS!

JUST RECEIVED BY

J. D. HAMMOND'S SONS

A BIG LOT OF GOODS.

Consisting of all classes of Prints, Dress Goods, Worsteds, Casimeres, Flannels, Linseys, Reaching Sheet, Hamburg Edgings, Lace, Drapery, Silks, Corsets, Chin-chilla & Saratoga Shawls, Nubias, Shetland, Riches, Ladies and Gentlemen's Shoes, etc., etc.

CLOTHING, CLOTHING.

HATS, HATS.

Blankets, Whips, Rope, Tinware Buckets and many Groceries until you can rest. Jumbies, Fruit Cakes, Ginger Snaps, Candies, Oysters Salmon, Sardines, Jellies, Rice, Town Creek Flour, Coffee, Sugar, Syrup, Meat, etc., etc., etc.

Now Last.

Pocket Cutlery, Tableware, Glassware, Crockery & Basting Spoons.

Thanking you for past patronage and asking you to call on us by all means, we are, truly yours, J. D. HAMMOND'S SONS.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

If you want to purchase or sell lands upon favorable terms, call on or write to

JNO. M. CALDWELL,

REAL ESTATE AGENT, Jacksonville, Fla.

NO charge for examination of titles where there is other sale or purchase.

H. A. SMITH'S

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

MUSIC

BOOK STORE,

Rome, Ga.

Just opening out an immense stock of Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Toilet Sets, China and Glass Vases, Mirror Cases, and many other articles. Also, Stationery, Photograph and Album Albums, Bibles, Prayer Books, Poetical and standard works, Juvenile books, Pictures, Picture Frames, Toys, China and Rubber Toys in great variety. Wax Dolls, Games, Silks, plated Ware, suitable for wedding and holiday presents, Gold Pens, Port Monies, and a thousand novelties.

Plans and Originals, of the best make, at wholesale prices. Orders by mail solicited. Prices cheerfully given. H. A. SMITH.

Floreston

Cologne

The Best Fragrant and Refreshing Cologne. It is a French Preparation and is sold by all druggists and perfumers.

All Farmers, Merchants, Business Men, Mechanics, etc., who are tired out by work or worry, and all who are afflicted with Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or other ailments, will find Parker's Kidney Pills a most valuable and reliable remedy. You can be invigorated and cured by using them.

PARKER'S KIDNEY PILLS

MADE IN AMERICA

MADE IN AMERICA

MADE IN AMERICA

MADE IN AMERICA

MADE IN AMERICA

MADE IN AMERICA

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THE REPUBLICAN.

NOTICE NOTICE

Full print single announcements free of charge; but we cannot publish obituaries and notices of death for less than \$1.00 per line. The rule of all such notices is to be paid for in advance. The rule of all such notices is to be paid for in advance. The rule of all such notices is to be paid for in advance.

SPECIAL COLUMN.

Dyspepsia & Liver Complaint

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shilo's Vitalizer, every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use it accordingly and if it does you no good it will be your own fault. Sold by Borden & Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

NEW GOODS, NEW GOODS!

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J. D. HAMMOND'S SONS

A BIG LOT OF GOODS.

Consisting of all classes of Prints, Dress Goods, Worsteds, Casimeres, Flannels, Linseys, Reaching Sheet, Hamburg Edgings, Lace, Drapery, Silks, Corsets, Chin-chilla & Saratoga Shawls, Nubias, Shetland, Riches, Ladies and Gentlemen's Shoes, etc., etc.

CLOTHING, CLOTHING.

HATS, HATS.

Blankets, Whips, Rope, Tinware Buckets and many Groceries until you can rest. Jumbies, Fruit Cakes, Ginger Snaps, Candies, Oysters Salmon, Sardines, Jellies, Rice, Town Creek Flour, Coffee, Sugar, Syrup, Meat, etc., etc., etc.

Now Last.

Pocket Cutlery, Tableware, Glassware, Crockery & Basting Spoons.

Thanking you for past patronage and asking you to call on us by all means, we are, truly yours, J. D. HAMMOND'S SONS.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

If you want to purchase or sell lands upon favorable terms, call on or write to

JNO. M. CALDWELL,

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NO charge for examination of titles where there is other sale or purchase.

H. A. SMITH'S

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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BOOK STORE,

Rome, Ga.

Just opening out an immense stock of Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Toilet Sets, China and Glass Vases, Mirror Cases, and many other articles. Also, Stationery, Photograph and Album Albums, Bibles, Prayer Books, Poetical and standard works, Juvenile books, Pictures, Picture Frames, Toys, China and Rubber Toys in great variety. Wax Dolls, Games, Silks, plated Ware, suitable for wedding and holiday presents, Gold Pens, Port Monies, and a thousand novelties.

Plans and Originals, of the best make, at wholesale prices. Orders by mail solicited. Prices cheerfully given. H. A. SMITH.

Floreston

Cologne

The Best Fragrant and Refreshing Cologne. It is a French Preparation and is sold by all druggists and perfumers.

All Farmers, Merchants, Business Men, Mechanics, etc., who are tired out by work or worry, and all who are afflicted with Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or other ailments, will find Parker's Kidney Pills a most valuable and reliable remedy. You can be invigorated and cured by using them.

PARKER'S KIDNEY PILLS

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CLOTHING, CLOTHING.

Anniston,

ALABAMA.

WOODSTOCK

IRON COMPANY.

Have made preparations for a heavy Fall and Winter trade, and offer among many inducements the following to Farmers and Interior Merchants of this entire section. A close approximation to Rome and Selma prices for cotton---in fact so close that we often just "match" them in spot cash, thus affording the poor farmer a home market

EQUAL TO ROME OR SELMA!

NO CHARGE FOR WEIGHING AND NO DEDUCTION FOR LIGHT BALES!

new commodious and convenient *WAGON YARD*, with large comfortable rooms with fire-places and a number of stalls for stock, **ALL FREE OF CHARGE!**

Stock of Goods larger than is kept in the combined stores of any town in the country, that for freshness, variety and cheapness has never been reached in this section. Plenty of

Corn, Flour, Meal, Meat, Molasses, Coffee, Sugar, Bagging, Ties

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, BOOTS AND SHOES!

in fact any and everything that a farmer needs. We defy competition in quality and prices. When our rivals in the small villages near you tell you it won't pay to come here don't believe them. Don't listen to them, but try the Anniston market once, and you will need no persuasion to try it again. We never tell you we will give you so much for your Cotton if you will agree to trade so much, and then try and make up loss on Cotton by putting an additional profit on Goods, but we pay you the

SPOT CASH!

and then if you wish to buy anything sell it to you for the same price we would if you had sold us no Cotton. We consume the cotton **RIGHT HERE** in our Cotton Mill. How can you expect merchants in the adjoining villages to compete with us in prices, where they have to ship it to Rome or Selma and pay freights and commissions? Come and see us, for you will be treated well in every way at Anniston.

T. H. Hopkins,

Storekeeper Woodstock Iron Company's Store

PROPOSALS

received by the Mayor and Council of the town of Anniston, Alabama, for planting out streets, Park and Cemetery

2000 OAK SHADE TREES. of the trees to be less than 12 inches in diameter, and 12 inches high. One half will be set out in 12 months, and balance in 18 months. The contractor guarantees the life of each tree for 5 years.

THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

F. & L. W. GRANT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year in advance \$2.00

Three months in advance .75

One month in advance .25

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Fourth insertion .10

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IF I SHOULD SEE THE KING GO BY.

If I should see the King go by,
With all his retinue,
I'd rather see him go by
Than see the King go by.
And should he say to me:
"O friend, 'twere meet that you and I
Should after fate's decree,
Come, don my robes!"
Not I, not I—
The King's robe is the target's eye.
If I should see the King go by,
Along the King's highway,
Methinks that I would rise and cry:
"O King, rejoice to-day!"
For who'll deny—
Not I, not I—
That Kings have many ways to die?

THEO'S LOVE.

Isabel had managed to get through with the ceremony very creditably indeed. She had succeeded in looking queenly and elegant, and Mr. Van Verst had shown all his pride in his handsome eyes when he looked at her. She had not trembled nor appeared in the least nervous, but, as her first bridesmaid said, behaved as though she were in the habit of getting married every day.

After the ceremony, she had gone through the tedious reception, and stood, yet serious—grave, yet pleasant—while her dear five hundred friends kissed her, and took her hand, and congratulated her—her feminine friends, who, in their secret souls, were envious of her good luck in having "secured" the handsome, stately man beside her, who filled his position and did the honors as a prince of the blood royal might have done—whose name was a power in social, financial and political circles, and who had condescended from his high estate to woo lovely Isabel Lisle.

And now they were "married and a." Ceremony, reception and breakfast were over, and well over, and Mrs. Van Verst had retired to her dressing-room to change her toilet of white satin and lace, pearls and diamonds, and white roses, for the charming traveling costume of ecorse silk and Persian embroidered garnet cashmere.

Just a little to the surprise of the vivacious girls who were supposed to be indispensable on the momentous occasion, Isabel told them she really very much preferred attending upon herself, and, as Isabel usually had her own way, Mabel and Maude left her, with a loving, saucy little protest.

And she laughed, and turned them out and then—
Regardless of the magnificence of her trailing bridal robes, unmerciful of the rare and costly white roses she crushed so ruthlessly, this bride of an hour, when she had looked her door and dashed down the curtains, flung herself on her knees beside the lounge, in a perfect ecstasy of grief—kneeling there, shivering and praying.

She could not cry; it seemed as if all her tears had "forever left her eyes to curl around her heart." She did not even make the slightest sound, but, oh! the awful, unspeakable, pent-up agony she suffered, until she wondered she did not die then and there—until she prayed God to let her die as she was, or else remove the burden.

And the why and wherefore was, that since the night and hour eighteen months before, when she and Theo. Edmerton had parted in proud, indignant coldness—two they who had worshipped each other as even fond lovers not often worship—Isabel Lisle had never spent one happy moment. Not once had she heard of him or from him. He had disappeared as thoroughly from society as though he were dead, and so how could she have known that in his pique, and stubbornness, and unyielding pride, he had put the ocean, foreign countries, deserts, between them!

All she knew was, he made no sign; all he realized was, he had gone so far in his displeasure as to give her no opportunity in her penitent relenting, to be reconciled. And now, this fair, bright day she was Horace Van Verst's wife.

Some one rapped softly on the door, bringing Isabel to her senses. Had it been a minute or an hour since she knelt there, shivering, writhing with longing pain and utter abandonment of despair?

Maud St. Willis's cheerful voice called out:
"A belated wedding present, Bell—a check for \$1,000, or a Government bond I dare say, seeing it is contained in an envelope. Can't I come in?"

"Not quite yet, dear. I'll take the parcel, please."
She unlocked the door and received it; then with the first sob of pain that had passed her lips yet, she sank faint and weak upon the nearest chair, as she recognized Theo. Edmerton's hand-writing. She did not at once open it; she could not, for the cold trembling of her hands. She sat there, her heart seeming to stop its beating, until a girl's dish voice, as somebody passed the door, speaking about the time of trains, roused her again into a sort of desperate defiance to herself.

And then she tore open the envelope and read this:
"Without any doubt you will be surprised to receive my most elaborate congratulations on the auspicious event that has given to your husband the

sincere, undivided love your heart, and bestow upon yourself the title that means, in your case, that your affections are so surely, so sincerely placed upon a gentleman so worthy—"

The vein of icy-fond sarcasm suddenly ceased—even the correct, elegant handwriting changed into a hurried half-legible scrawl:

"Isabel, what have you done? My God! what have you done? Could you not have waited a little while? You have ruined my hope, my happiness, my faith and trust in woman. You have killed me—killed me! May God forgive you, and, if ever I prayed, I pray now that I may forget I ever loved—yes, that I love more madly than ever."

Such a letter—such despair, and such hopeless bitterness, such anguish of misery, such pain of anger—and Mrs. Van Verst crushed it in her hand, till the paper was a mass of broken fragments.

"I will forget him—I will not go to my husband with such thoughts in my heart! My God, I will be true—I must be true! Oh, make me—make me true to him, and don't let me swear! Heaven help me!"

And with hands clasped and lovely eyes uplifted, she stood one moment, until a loving Father laid His blessing of endurance and patience, and earnest resolution and consciousness of His own strength and presence, upon her heart, that was sick unto despair.

Half an hour later she looked up into her husband's face, as they sat alone in the coach that was conveying them to the depot—such a good, grand face that accompanied the character, no woman could come in contact with and fail to thoroughly revere and admire. And a sudden little thrill of humble content warmed in her eyes and quivered into a peaceful smile, as she laid her hand on his.

"I mean to be such a good wife, Horace," she said, gently.

"My darling, I know it," he answered her. "And I am most blessed of any man on God's earth to-day."

So their wedded life began.

Two years afterwards, and half a city in mourning, because of the pitiless scourge that the hot midsummer days had swept relentlessly down upon it. And in a nearly deserted hotel, where fashion and beauty and wealth had fled before the grim oncoming of the pestilence, two people lying dead—youth, handsome even in death, with refinement and nobility on their marble faces.

And the death-roll, that morning, telegraphed to happier Northern cities, contained these names: "Mr. Horace Van Verst, and his wife, Mrs. Isabel Lisle Van Verst," while in an adjoining room, rosy, healthy, joyous and unconscious of her awful loss, their baby girl, a year old, watched over by one careful nurse, while another, gray-haired and fearful, was hurriedly making preparations to leave the accursed fever-stricken city.

Theo. Edmerton had taken up his position at the foot of the grand stair case, and was rather enjoying looking on at the gay crowd that was fast filling Mrs. Wyllard's parlors, and especially looking, as not for the first, or the second, or the dozenth time he had looked just so eagerly, at lovely Vivian Gwyneth.

Of late, Edmerton had been passing through a strange experience, and fair-haired Vivian was very intimately connected with it—so intimately that, during these past few weeks, Edmerton had come to know that had happened to him he had thought never could happen to him again, after the desolate, waste time in his life, when Isabel Lisle had married another.

He had thought never to renew his faith and trust in woman. He had no hope nor wish that the week that he had believed himself in love and passion should ever be made anew. And then, right into all the debris of his affections, Vivian Gwyneth had come with sympathy and healing.

Until, standing and watching her to-night, the fairest, brightest star in Mrs. Wyllard's brilliant assemblage, Theo. Edmerton knew he loved her.

Until he was wondering what the remnant of his heretofore unblemished life would be worth to him, when he asked lovely Vivian for her love, she should withhold it.

For he had made up his mind slowly, during the past few weeks, that he was warranted in asking her.

He was almost sure she cared for him, and yet, if it should so happen that she did not!

An hour afterward he stood before Vivian Gwyneth, alone with her, in the fragrant, half-dim lantern, with his handsome face pale with passionate pleading, his eyes full of masterful tenderness, as he told her how he loved her, and asked for her sweet self in return.

And Vivian?

A gasping sort of vague fear crept chillily over him in that one instant when she laid a diamond-encrusted gold locket in his hand.

And then he opened it to look into his own eyes—the picture he had given Isabel Lisle nineteen years before.

She smiled in his astonished face.

"You don't know—no one knows but my dear adopted parents—that I am Isabel Lisle's child; but I knew you, Theo, the first time I saw you, and I think, if I had not had mamma's locket, I should still have known you from her letters and diary I have kept. Are you sorry I am mamma's daughter?"

Was it possible—was it possible? Isabel's child!

Then all the passion came radiantly back to his pale face and astonished eyes, as he held out his arms caressingly.

I think your mother has given you to me. I loved her, but not as I love you, my little one! Vivian will you come to me? Will you give yourself to me?"

And she stepped inside the outstretched arms, and laid her bright head on his breast, and made him realize that it was for his highest human happiness that fate had seemed so apparently cruel in all those past dreary years, which now, in one little moment, was blotted out forever.

The Bedroom.

A bedroom should impress the observer with the idea of a dainty cleanliness reigning supreme in every part of it, while the prevalence of cool, soothing tones of color suggest repose and rest. The paint might be delicate chocolate, the walls soft sagegreen; no color equals green for giving rest to the eyes, and in its paler tints it offers a pleasant sense of coolness during the most sultry days of summer, while they are free from the suspicion of coldness seen in many of the gray shades commonly used. Light colors make a room appear larger than the dark shades. Woodwork, painted chocolate, and cream walls look well with bright blue furniture covering and curtains, or maroon paint and drapery well with deep blue. A wall of a pale tone of blue and sagegreen woodwork will harmonize with furniture coverings bearing a design of autumn tinted leaves. Stained boards are without doubt best for bed-rooms; a square of carpet covers the centre, leaving three feet all round the room. Daintily inlaid under furniture and draughts of air sweep it up into the corners; but the boards, being without a covering, allow of its being easily taken up with a duster. Then, too, the carpet being simply laid down, there is no difficulty in the way of its being often shaken; no tacks have to be taken out or heavy wardrobes moved, so that there is no possible excuse for its being left down until the dust accumulates thickly.

Salt for the Throat.

In these days, when diseases of the throat are so universally prevalent, and in so many cases fatal, we feel it our duty to say a word in behalf of a most effective, if not positive, cure for sore throat. For years past, indeed we may say during the whole of a life of more than forty years, we have been subjected to sore throat, and more particularly to a dry hacking cough, which is not only distressing to myself, but to our friends and those with whom we are brought into business contact. Last fall we were induced to try what virtue there was in common salt. We commenced by using it three times a day, morning, noon, and night. We dissolved a large tablespoonful of pure salt in about half a small tumbler full of water. With this we gargled the throat most thoroughly just before meal time. The result has been that during the entire winter we were not only free from coughs and colds, but the dry hacking cough has entirely disappeared. We attribute these satisfactory results solely to the use of the salt gargle, and most cordially recommend a trial of it to those who are subject to diseases of the throat. Many persons who have never tried the salt gargle have the impression that it is unpleasant. Such is not the case. On the contrary, it is pleasant, and after a few days use, no person who loves a nice clean mouth and a first-rate sharpener of the appetite will abandon it.

How Rats Steal Honey.

When the clerks in a certain Rochester drug-store are not operating with the mortar and pestle, or compounding a black draught, or mixing equal parts of Turkey rhubarb and hyocyanic acid (for children teaching), or spreading shoe-maker's wax on porous plasters, or engaged in any of the multifarious modes of making themselves useful known to apprentice apothecaries; in a word, when they have an idle hour and a friend to entertain, they resort to a plan decidedly novel and not without interest to lovers of anecdotes about animals. What the boys do is to take the honey jar from the shelf, take the stopper in its mouth and place it near a rat-hole from which one of the rodents emerges quickly when the store is quiet. It discovers the presence of the honey in a short time through the assistance of its nose, and then puts in practice the sweet contents of the jar. The expedient is simply to inject its tail in the mouth of the jar deep enough to reach the honey, then withdraw it and suck the linked sweetness at its leisure. The clerks are ready to swear this story is true, and they are now carefully observing, for the benefit of science, the effect on the human family of strained honey in which rats' tails have been soaked.

The idea has become prevalent that the young ladies who practice tight lacing are fast. This is an error, as they are really the most stayed among their sex.

How to Learn Botany.

Botany is usually regarded as a very dull and difficult study, even for advanced students, and of course quite too dry and hard for young children. This is all a mistake. Botany is really a most fascinating study for children or grown people. It is better adapted than almost any other to cultivate the very faculties which are not stimulated by other studies. The secret of success consists in making each student an independent explorer and discoverer. Taught by an enthusiastic teacher, botany awakens and strengthens powers of accurate observation, acute perception and correct classification, such as are needed to make life useful and happy. The study of botany may be commenced at any time. The best time is early spring. Suppose we start with a family of young people from seven years old to twenty. We meet every day. For our first lesson we study any plant, or part of a plant, that we have at hand. Each makes a sketch on paper, and writes a minute description of it. Then we put some seeds, or grains, such as beans, corn, oats, etc., in warm water to soak till the next day. At the second lesson we open some of these softened seeds, and observe their internal structure. The older and wiser ones tell the younger ones what they know about the seeds. Looking out of the window, we examine each tree and shrub in sight, sketching and describing twig, branch, trunk and bark and swelling bud. We cut cross sections, and compare them with cross sections of bamboo or palm stems, as seen in common fans. We cut vertical sections, and compare them with the wood used in making furniture. The flowers and plants in the window are sketched and described down to the most minute particulars. Now we begin to study a book on botany. Our seeds are beginning to germinate and illustrate the first lessons, and our leader takes care that in all our course our investigations shall keep in advance of our book lesson, that we have the pleasure of making discoveries and finding them confirmed. Each day we recite something previously learned; find plants to illustrate it, and others to lead in the direction of the next lesson. Then taking some plant (if possible a complete one from root to flower and seed), we examine, sketch and describe it. Then turning to the analytical tables, we trace the description till we determine the species. We commit to memory and recite some of the distinguishing characteristics of the family. As young people who have studied botany for a single season could hardly do a class on the plant I have described. It is a shame that country children should be allowed to grow up ignorant of natural objects around them. It is time that educated people, school boards, etc., should see that arithmetic and geography are not the only sciences worth studying. Agricultural societies would help to educate the young people if they would offer premiums for proficiency in natural science as well as manufactured articles.

Dead Branches.

According to a first-class authority it has been clearly demonstrated that a dead branch on a tree makes almost as great a strain on the main plant for moisture as does a living one. It is one of the most important discoveries of modern horticulture, as by this knowledge he can save many a valuable tree. When one has been transplanted some roots get injured, and the supply of moisture in the best cases is more or less deficient. Any dead branch, or any weak one, should therefore be cut at once away. So in pruning trees at transplanting, the large lateral branches should not be cut back as is generally done, but the weak, half-dead ones that are usually left, should be the ones to cut away. The large, stout ones are reservoirs of the sap, which the plant needs; the half-dead ones draw on these reservoirs and contribute nothing of their own. It has been found that deciduous trees can be transplanted easily all through the summer season by simply cutting out all the weak and marbled wood and leaving a few main branches with their foliage.

Married or Martyred.

He walked into the office looking much like a man pretty well satisfied with general results, and said:
"Can I see the editor?"
He was shown that ominously useful adjunct to a newspaper at once.
"Good morning, sir," he cheerily began.
"Mornin'," said the editor.
"I came in," he proceeded, "to tell you of a misprint in the paper."
"Yes. What is it?"
"Well, you see, I sent a notice around yesterday that Mr. Smith had been married, and your compositor, I see, has got it Mr. Smith has just been martyred, but I guess it don't hardly make enough difference to change it."

The editor scratched his head a minute and thought of house-cleaning and other female eccentricities, and told the visitor, of course it didn't and he went away whistling. "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

The Crooked Course of Love.

Five years ago a maiden fair, whose home was a little town near Macon, Ga., anxiously awaited an important letter from her absent lover. Days passed wearily. The sighing lass haunted the post-office, but the postmaster's face always bore that look of exasperating quietude common to those from whom expected things never come. The maiden thought that her heart would break, for she realized at last that her lover was faithless. The scene shifts. It is September, 1881. In Macon dwells the same lady, but she is now a happy wife, with two children. She has forgotten the faithless one of her days of woe. She is therefore surprised when from the town of her youth comes a letter bearing as a superscription to her maiden name that derived from her husband. An accompanying note from the postmaster explains that in tearing away some of the boards of a letter-case the missive was found. The envelope is postmarked "1876." The lady spans the baby to keep it quiet while she eagerly devours the contents. "Heavens! it is from John," who proposes in loving words, and begs a kind reply. The lady's husband also enjoys the letter, and, out of curiosity, communicates with relatives of the former lover. It is learned that he is a happy Chicago packer, with a wife and three sons.

Queen Elizabeth's Youth.

Elizabeth Tudor, the famous queen, was born September 7, 1533, at a beautiful palace on the Thames, at Greenwich. Her father was the cruel Henry VIII., the husband of six wives in succession; her mother was the fair, unfortunate Anne Boleyn. Her birth was the occasion of a splendid ceremony. At her baptism the Lord Mayor of London and his officers came in state to Greenwich, clad in gold and purple. The nobility and the clergy assembled, and brought rich gifts of gold, silver and jewels. The trumpets sounded, the people cheered, and the infant princess was brought back to the palace with blazing torches by a crowd of gaily clad attendants. For nearly three years she was looked upon as the heir to the crown; a palace was given her, and she seemed destined only to good fortune. But now her cruel father cut off her mother, Anne Boleyn's head, and married another. Elizabeth was neglected, and was left without clothes and almost without food. "She hath neither gown, nor kirtle, nor petticoat," wrote her governess of her, and "no meat at home." Her father forgot his child, and seemed almost to desire that she might die, like her mother.

His third wife, Jane Seymour, died, leaving a son Edward, who was to be King of England. Elizabeth was now treated with kindness, and formed a strong affection for her young brother. She was about four years older than he was. As they grew up they were educated together in the same palace, and had the same tutors. They studied Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and learned to write well. At twelve, Elizabeth could compose in French and Italian; and when Edward was about twelve, he began to keep a journal, which is still read with pleasure. Their elder sister, Mary Tudor, afterward the cruel queen, was sometimes with them. Their father, Henry VIII., gave them excellent teachers, and they lived in happiness together several years. But Henry had in the meantime divorced one wife (Anne of Cleves), cut off the head of another (Catherine Howard), and finally married a widow, Catherine Parr, who outlived him. He died in 1547. When the news of his death was brought to Elizabeth and Edward, who were in the room together, they burst into floods of tears.

Edward went up to London and became king at nine years of age. Elizabeth fell into bad health, grew pale and thin, and for many months seemed scarcely to hope for life. She wrote sometimes to Edward, and their fondness for each other still continued. She grew up tall, fair, her eyes blue, her hair red or auburn, her nose prominent, her manners pleasant and attractive. She played on the viol, danced, sang, read Greek, spoke Latin easily, and was fond of literature; she made translations from the Italian, and was one of the most intelligent persons of the time. At this period she dressed very plainly, and lived a studious life. In 1553 Edward died, at sixteen. Mary, his eldest sister, became queen, and at one moment wished to put Elizabeth to death. She was carried to the Tower, passed through the Traitor's Gate, and was a prisoner for many months. At last Mary relented, and set her free. Mary died in 1558 and Elizabeth became Queen of England.

Her life can scarcely be called a happy one, for she was in constant danger of assassination, and her enemies on all sides threatened to deprive her of her crown. Her chief rival and foe was her second cousin, Mary, Queen of Scots. Mary was Queen of Scotland, and claimed to be Queen of England. She said Elizabeth had no right to the throne. Mary was suspected of murdering her husband, Darnley, was driven from Scotland by the people, and became Elizabeth's prisoner for nineteen years. She was always plotting against

her cousin; sometimes she planned the assassination of the Queen with the discontented English, and sometimes she called upon the Kings of France and Spain to invade England, and place her on its throne. Mary's long captivity and various misfortunes have made her an object of lasting interest. Like all the Tudors, she was very intelligent and very cruel. Elizabeth kept her for nineteen years a state prisoner in different castles. At last, when some new plot was discovered, it was thought necessary to put her to death. Elizabeth signed the order for her cousin's execution with tears and hesitation. She had no doubt, some humanity.

Soon after, Philip II. of Spain sent the great armada to conquer England and destroy Elizabeth; but the brave English sailors defeated the Spaniards, and the great fleet was washed to pieces on the coasts of Scotland and Ireland. Elizabeth's reign was a very famous one. Shakespeare and Spenser were her poets; Bacon, Cecil and Raleigh, its active leaders. The Queen was always fond of reading, and spoke Latin to the students at Oxford. But she grew vain, proud, and forgot her early simplicity. At sixteen she had worn only plain clothes, and lived in quiet study; at sixty she covered herself with laces, brocades and satins, and left at her death three thousand costly dresses and eighty wigs. She never married; and when she died, in 1603, James I., the son of her cousin and rival, Mary, Queen of Scots, became king.

Translated by the Queen.

A good story reaches us from Belgium, the truth of which is guaranteed. A banking house at Verriers recently received a letter from a bank at Buda Pesth. The recipients knew that it related to a matter of great importance; but, unfortunately, they could not master the contents of the missive, as it was written in the Hungarian language, and there was not a soul at Verriers who understood that tongue. Accordingly, one of the partners took a journey to Brussels, expecting to find everything he wanted at the Capital, but only to be disappointed—nobody at the banks could read Hungarian. There was, however, still the Austro-Hungarian Embassy, whither the banker betook himself, to learn that there was an attaché who spoke Hungarian, but he had gone to Biarritz for some sea bathing. Almost in despair, the hero of the story called upon the Bourgeois-mistress, with whom he was acquainted, and related his troubles. After some thought his worship, striking his forehead, exclaimed: "Aft' all, sometimes our most foolish ideas prove the best." With this encouraging observation he asked for the letter. The next day he returned the original to the gentleman from Verriers, with a translation in French, in a neat, feminine hand. "To what Hungarian fairy do I owe this good fortune?" asked the delighted banker. "This is an affair involving some millions, and I shall be happy to pay a handsome douceur to the translator who has enabled me to get at the meaning of the letter in time to conclude the affair." "I take you at your word," said the Bourgeois-mistress. "Give me 10,000 francs for the poor of Brussels for the translator is none other than the Queen. She has experienced lively satisfaction in employing her knowledge of the Hungarian language to oblige one of her subjects." The Queen of the Belgians is a daughter of the Archduke Joseph, whose beneficent rule of Hungary is still remembered by the people, and she was born in the capital city during her father's palatinates.

Woodcock Telegraphy.

NOTICE

print single announcements... of charge... to be published... to be published... to be published...

W. P. Howell has sent us... large potatoes. Thanks.

In Hamburg, Ark.,... Capt. John... 83 years, formerly...

advertisements of new R... This makes the...

TO BUY.—A lot of... highest market... to be paid in cash or the...

F. M. Treadaway will... in the Methodist church...

At his home in Choccoloco... days ago, A. T. Martin...

was a member of the 10th... during the war and was...

in which he lived he was... for his good qualities of...

his friends, which are many... deplore his untimely death.

correction in time of sale of J... Adm'r. of William Clough...

the young man on horseback... the other day as he...

conveyed from the court room... his wrist, Guiteau ex-

the young man galloped off... the sound and...

Monday—Tuesday the 15th... McCurry, living near...

Plains, committed suicide... his brains out with a...

He lay on a bed, and... the muzzle of the gun to...

eye pushed the trigger... ramrod. His family were...

and at the time, and when... he was quite...

He has been greatly trou... his debts, and this in...

ability unsettled his mind... been acting somewhat...

for two or three weeks... the tragedy.

DIED.—In Atlanta, Ga.,... at the residence of the...

father, R. O. Randall Esq... Dr. Rogers, Mr. John M...

of Jacksonville and Miss... Randall of Atlanta.

Immediately after the marriage... brilliant groom and his...

bride took the train for... to spend a brief part of...

company with a relative of... her.

is a marriage in which both... may be fairly congratula-

Mr. Caldwell is one of the... young men of the State, of...

ent habits, kind and indul... disposition. She brings to...

her as her dowry, beauty, intel... culture, domestic worth...

ther of the refined graces of... which Southern women...

is scarcely necessary to wish... a happy married life. Be-

cause the two there is a blending... characteristics and dispo-

that insure this.

ends here, anxiously await... return to Jacksonville to...

and congratulations.

After a long illness... Mrs. Jos. Wilson, died...

at the home of Mr. Robt. Riley, a... in this place Tuesday...

Her husband was one of the... settlers of this country. De-

ceased was a member of the... and almost a lifetime led a...

devout Christian life. Her sur... children and other near re-

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Alexander, of Rome are visiting friends here.

Messrs. Charlie Crawford and Willie Driskill are here on a visit from Texas.

Messrs. Edwards and Bowdon were up from Talladega a few days this week.

Mr. H. L. Oliver of Shelby County, was here Tuesday on legal business.

We were glad to meet many friends from Anniston here this week.

Mrs. Henry Fitz, who has been sick of fever is recovering.

Mr. and Mrs. David Atkins will move to Jacksonville from Gadsden. Our community will gladly receive them.

We invite attention to the sale of mules, by Capt. Jas. Crook.

COLVINS GAP, Nov. 19, 1881

ED. REPUBLICAN.—It has been some time since you have heard from this Beat. I thought I would drop you a line and let you know what is going on in those parts.

Usually we have a very quiet settlement, but of late we have had some excitement in the chase of the festive wild cat, of which three have been captured recently—two very large ones. I tell you, sir, it is fun alive to hear a pack of hounds in full chorus when the game is flushed. Recently we had an exciting chase of several hours, but failed to bag the game. Messrs. Dale, Stephens, Cannon, and others, caught one within 75 yards of W. Atkins' house, not long since, after a most exciting race.

But enough of cats for the present. Some changes are taking place in our locality. Mr. M. Roberts has sold out in Tomson's Bend and gone to Texas. He started last Monday. Mr. Davis of Georgia, purchased his farm and has moved in.

The farmers here are about through gathering their crops. Some are sowing wheat. Crops have turned out better than was expected. However, complaining of having had too much rain. Some of us will have to get help if we run another crop, and your correspondent is one of that number. At present I don't know where the help is to come from. So that ends the subject.

We have a new cotton gin in the settlement. Messrs. Browning & McCray are the owners. I will close for this time. Yours, BOB SHORN.

Sale of Thoroughbred Cattle.

COL. JAMES CROOK

Montgomery Advertiser.

In the "Southern Live Stock Journal" we find the following notice of the first annual sale of thoroughbred cattle.

These sales, as has been before stated, were inaugurated by the stock breeders of Alabama, Mississippi, and one or more other Gulf States; and among the members is Col. James Crook, of Calhoun, one of the R. R. Commission of Alabama, who sold a fine heifer, which is further noticed below. The Journal says:

The sale of thoroughbred cattle at our Fair, which took place on Tuesday, the second day of the Fair, under the management of Col. W. R. Stewart, was a grand success. It is the first important auction sale of blooded cattle that has taken place in the Gulf States, and is the beginning of a new era in the development of the stock breeding interests of the South. There were sold at auction, in all, 27 Jerseys of various ages, from a few months to five years, and one short horn bull and one Gallopway bull. The aggregate amount of the sales was \$4,217.00, an average of \$154.73, 27 calves sold for \$1,074.50, a little over an average of \$150 per head. Our well known and efficient cattle auctioneer, Mr. J. R. Cline, conducted the sale, under the supervision of Col. Stewart, and it was fair in all respects. The cattle were sent here by the owners for absolute sale, and when put up the bidders had to determine their value. There was some risk in it, but the stock breeders of Alabama and Mississippi, determined to see that value the public put on thoroughbred, well bred cattle, and we are gratified to know they were not disappointed in the result. While some of the sales were less than the prices asked by the owners, on the whole they were satisfactory, and we learn that it is the intention of the stock breeders of Mississippi and Alabama, to have annual sales of their surplus stock at Meridian, and make that a permanent feature of our fairs. There can be no doubt that this will give a new impetus to stock breeding in both States, and will cause purchasers throughout the South to look to the annual sales at Meridian as the best place to purchase thoroughbred stock.

Of the 27 heifers sold, one was raised by Col. James Crook on his stock farm, "Springvale," near Jacksonville, Alabama. It was sixteen months old and was bid off for \$250, although much over that sum, as he raises no cattle but those of the finest and purest strain.

We would be glad to have a sale of these thoroughbreds at our next State Fair, in order to introduce them more generally in this State. The operations of the Southern Stock Association will accomplish much good in introducing the finest cattle in the Gulf States, and its future action will be watched with interest.

The water on the outside of a goblet of cold water is produced by the air coming in contact with the glass and condensing, leaving the moisture it contained upon the surface of the glass.

NOTICE.

East and West R. R. Co. of Ala.

Notice is hereby given that books of subscription for the Capital Stock of said Corporation will be opened at the Court House, at Jacksonville, County of Calhoun, State of Alabama, on the 29th day of December next.

Two per cent of all subscriptions must be paid in money at the time the subscription is made.

November 19, 1881.

JOHN POSTELL, JOHN W. INZEL.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Letters of Administration upon the estate of Elsie L. Bridges, deceased, having been granted the undersigned by the Hon. A. Woods, Judge of the Probate Court of Calhoun County, on the 14th day of November, 1881, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against said estate, will be required to present the same within the time allowed by law, or they will be barred.

C. W. BREWTON, Adm'r.

nov26-46

SPECIAL COLUMN.

Mountain Farm and Vineyard For Sale.

The undersigned will give a bargain in the fine fruit farm and vineyard on top of the mountain 1 1/2 miles from Jacksonville known as the George White place.

STEVENSON & GRANT, Real Estate Agents.

WANTED—A good milk cow. Apply to ROBERT ADAMS, Jacksonville, Ala.

SAW-MILL FOR SALE.

The Messrs. Camp are prepared to offer a bargain in their saw-mill, situated in the midst of fine timber, near Weaver's Station; and with it ox teams, wag on, log wagons &c. Call on them at their mill, or address

W. A. CAMP & SON, Jacksonville, Ala.

nov26-36

STOLEN.

Stolen from my office in Anniston on the 12th inst., a peculiar walking cane, valuable to me as a gift and from long possession. I will give \$5 for the recovery of the cane or \$10 for the cane and thief.

DESCRIPTION.

It has the appearance of cane, but is solid wood; buck-horn head, with silver plate on top with my name and residence engraved thereon, if not obliterated since theft. About four or five inches from the top is a silver eyelet for cord. The bottom is ornamented with brass ferrule some three inches long.

H. L. FLEMING, Anniston, Ala.

nov26-26

Fine Linen Handkerchiefs, 20 cents. Suits to order, \$22.50 up. Pants to order, \$5.00 up. Ready made garments, all prices, etc. All goods marked in plain figures and ONE PRICE ONLY.

ALEX. RICE, Selma, Ala.

Ship your cotton to Simpson and Ledbetter, Rome, Ga., and they will secure you the highest market price for it.

Oct 1-3m.

We sell cotton on commission for our patrons, and do not buy cotton at all. Simpson & Ledbetter, Cotton Factors, Rome, Ga. Oct 1-3m.

Hard Times Ahead.

Short crops makes trade very unsatisfactory, and I have determined to sell my large stock of Liquors at reduced prices, although they have advanced in market. I can sell you a XXXX Rye for \$1.50 @ \$2 per gal.; a two star white corn for \$1.50 @ \$2 per gal. A choice lot Groceries all ways on hand. Call and examine my goods.

GEO. W. CHAMBERS, Talladega, Ala.

Oct15-2m

Nearly all the ills that afflict mankind can be prevented and cured by keeping the stomach, liver and kidneys in perfect order. There is no medicine known that will do this as quickly and surely, without injuring the system, as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. See advertisement.

Oct15-2m

Answer this question.

Why do so many people we see around us, seem to prefer to suffer and be miserable by indigestion, constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, coming up of the Food, Acid Stomach, Headache, &c. when we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Borden & Co., Jacksonville, Ala. Jan'y 15, '81—ly

NOTICE FARMERS.

Messrs. Stevenson & Grant have perfected an arrangement with a New York House, by which they can fill orders for first class Agricultural Machinery. See them before you order. The House they represent, and whose goods they will handle is one of the largest in the North, and their prices are the lowest. If you want a steam engine, hay press, Cultivator, mower, sulky plow, or anything, call on them.

Oct15-4f

ONE WHO KNOWS.

says: Rankin's Compound Fluid Extract of Buchu and Juniper is the most pleasant and effective remedy for all diseases of the Bladder or Kidneys that has been offered to the public. Mild and pleasant in its action, it stimulates and invigorates the secretions, and gives health and tone to the prostrate or diseased organs. Pain in the Bladder, Gravel, Prurition, Non-retention of the Urine, Brick Dust Deposits, all diseases of the Bladder or Kidneys are cured by it.

Prepared only by Hunt, Rankin & Lamar, Atlanta, Ga., and sold by Druggists generally. oct15-2m

AMERICAN TRUST CO., GA., July 4, 1881.

I am one of the numerous sufferers from Gravel or disease of the Kidneys, and find more and speedier relief from Rankin's Buchu and Juniper than anything I have ever tried. I esteem it so highly were there but one bottle in the world, I would willingly give \$500, or any amount for it. I recommend it above all other similar preparations.

E. T. WINN.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Under and by virtue of a Mortgage deed, with power to sell, executed by C. O. Cook, and his wife, M. J. Cook, of Etowah County, Ala., extended in the nineteenth day of August, 1874, to W. C. & W. A. Scarbrough, and read on the 25th day of September, 1874, in to k 42nd volume, Register of Deeds, on page 112 and 143, in the Probate office of Calhoun County, Ala., the undersigned will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the court house door of Calhoun County, Ala., on Monday the 19th day of December next, within 24 hours of the date, the following described home real estate to wit: The following share of the T. K. Cook, deceased, which is fully set forth and described in the last will and testament of the said T. K. Cook, now on record in the Probate office of Calhoun County, Ala.

W. C. & W. A. SCARBROUGH, Mortgagees.

nov26-36

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Letters of Administration upon the estate of R. W. Penney, deceased, having been granted the undersigned by the Hon. A. Woods, Judge of the Probate Court of Calhoun County, on the 15th day of November, 1881, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against said estate, will be required to present the same within the time allowed by law, or they will be barred.

SARAH A. PENNEY, Adm'r.

nov26-36

NEW GOODS, NEW GOODS!

JUST RECEIVED BY J. D. HAMMOND'S SONS

A BIG LOT OF GOODS.

Consisting of all classes of Prints, Dress Goods, Worsteds, Casimeres, Flannels, Linseys, Reaching Shootings, Bedtickings, Shirtings, Hamburg Beddings, Lace, Brads, Hosiery, Silks, Corsets, Chin-chilla & Saratoga Shawls, Nubias, Sherland, Minkus, Lashes and Gentlemen's Shoes, etc., etc.

CLOTHING, CLOTHING.

HATS, HATS.

Blankets, Whips, Rope, Tinware Buckets and Fancy Groceries until you can rest, Jumbles, Fruit Cakes, Ginger Snaps, Candies, Oysters Salmon, Sardines, Jellies, Rice, Town Creek Flour, Coffee, Sugar, Syrup, Meat, etc., etc.

Now Last.

Pocket Cutlery, Tableware, Glassware, Crockery & Basting Spoons.

Thanking you for past patronage and asking you to call on all with us, we are, truly yours,

J. D. HAMMOND'S SONS, oct1-4f

East Tennessee and Virginia

GEORGIA RAILROADS.

Form the quickest and most convenient route to

ONLY ROUTE

Watering Places

East Tennessee and Virginia

The principal inducements are SPEEDY SCENERY, QUICK TIME, THROUGH CARS.

The only line passing through the mountainous regions of East Tennessee and Virginia. Through cars run from Selma to Bristol without change. For information address,

J. R. OGDEN, C. P. A., Knoxville. RAY KNIGHT, A. G. P. A., Selma.

NORTH. MAIL TRAIN DAILY. SOUTH. Lv. 4:20 a. m. Meridian, Ar. 10:00 p. m. 7:04 a. m. Memphis, 7:25 p. m. 9:40 a. m. Selma, 9:00 p. m. 9:50 a. m. do, 9:00 p. m. Ar. 12:34 p. m. Calera, Ar. 2:24 p. m. 4:00 p. m. Jacksonville, 11:04 a. m. 6:01 p. m. Rome, 9:05 a. m. 7:42 p. m. Dalton, 9:10 a. m. 8:47 p. m. Cleveland, 9:10 a. m. 11:46 p. m. Knoxville, 9:00 a. m. 4:50 p. m. Bristol, 10:20 p. m.

Mail train North connects at Selma with Western R. R. and at Bristol with Norfolk and Western for all Eastern cities.

Accommodation train leaves Selma every Sunday (Sundays excepted) at 4:50 p. m., connecting with L. & N. at Calera for all Western cities—arrives at Selma 7:30 a. m. Mail train South connects at Rome with Rome R. R. and at Meridian with M. & O. R. R. & N. R. R. for Mobile, New Orleans and Vicksburg.

JNO. W. BRIDGES, Supt. RAY KNIGHT, Gen. Ticket and Passenger Agent. Jan 29, 1881 Selma, Ala.

Louisville & Great Southern RAILROAD LINE

The Quickest and Shortest ROUTE TO ALL POINTS.

NORTH & EAST, Only One Change of Cars

CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, CLEVELAND, DETROIT, PITTSBURGH, PHILADELPHIA, N. Y., BOSTON

AND THE BEST ROUTE TO BALTIMORE & WASHINGTON

PULLMAN PALACE CARS

Run through from Birmingham to MOBILE, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISVILLE AND CINCINNATI.

Trains run as follows: Lv Birmingham.....9:23 a. m. 12:41 p. m. Ar Louisville.....11:05 a. m. 3:25 p. m. Lv Birmingham.....4:15 a. m. 5:50 p. m. Ar Mobile.....3:50 p. m. 4:50 a. m. Ar New Orleans.....9:45 p. m. 10:12 a. m.

Agents at all stations can give you full and reliable information as to time and connections to all points, and will procure you rates and through tickets on application. For further information apply to

C. P. ATMORE, G. P. A., Louisville, Ky.

Floreston Cologne

All Farmers, Mothers, Business Men, Mechanics, etc., who need to do by work or worry, and all who are miserable with Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or Bowel, Kidney or Liver Complaints, you can be invigorated and cured by using

PARKER'S GINGER-TONIC

If you are wasting away with Consumption, Age, Debility or any weakness, you will find Parker's Ginger-Tonic the greatest Blood Purifier and the Best Health & Strength Restorer you can use. It cures all forms of Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or Bowel, Kidney or Liver Complaints, you can be invigorated and cured by using

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

H. A. SMITH'S

MUSIC

BOOK STORE,

Rome, Ca.

Just opening out an immense stock of Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Toilet Sets, China and Glass Vases, Motto Cups, Souvenirs and Mugs, Fancy Glass Excelsior, Stationery, Photographs and Autograph Albums, Bibles, Prayer Books, Poetical and standard works, Juvenile books, Pictures, Picture Frames, Tin, China and Rubber Toys in great variety. Also, a large stock of plated Ware, suitable for wedding and holiday presents. Good Pens, Port Monies, and a thousand novelties. Piano's and Organs of the best make, at wholesale prices. Orders by mail solicited. Prices cheerfully given.

H. A. SMITH, REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

If you want to purchase or sell lands upon favorable terms, call on or write to

JNO. M. CALDWELL, REAL ESTATE AGENT, Jacksonville, Ala.

No charge for examination of titles where there is either sale or purchase. aug15-4f

FIRE INSURANCE.

I. L. SWAN AGT, JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

Four Good Home Companies to wit.

Georgia Home, Home Protection, Central City, Columbus Ins. and Building Co., Miss.

May 1st, 1880.

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